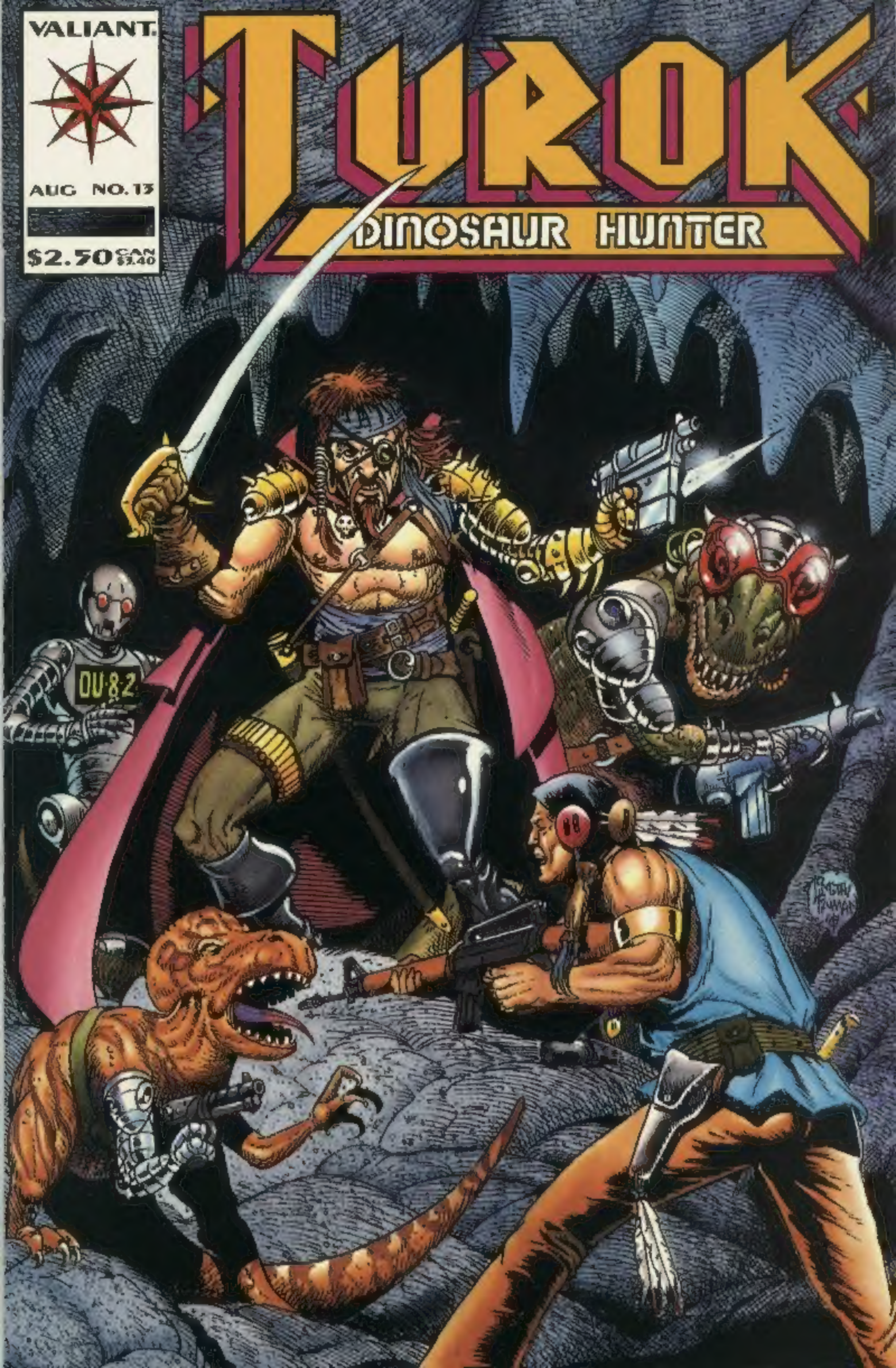
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TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER
OU-82

A HIDDEN CAVE, SOMEWHERE ON THE SOUTHERN AMERICAN COAST...
THE TIME... TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER
CAPTAIN RED
KILLING TIME -- PART 1
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Writer
RAGS MORALES
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RANDY ELLIOTT
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BILL DUNN
Colors
BOB LAYTON
Editor-In-Chief
AH...SO YE WANT TO HEAR ME STORY, THEN, MATES? SO BE IT.
JUST PLUG IN...AND LET ME TAKE YE ON A VOYAGE DOWN THE TIDES OF YEARS INTO THE MAELSTROM OF ME SORDID CAREER.
THAT'S RIGHT. YEARS I SAYS... THOUGH IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY MONTHS AGO TO ME.
AH. BUT CAPTAIN RED WAS A DIFFERENT MATEY THEN, WEREN'T HE?
A DIFFERENT MATEY INDEED!

ME PROPER NAME BE ESAU VESTMENT-- THOUGH I'VE NOT USED IT SINCE I SPLIT THE BELLY OF THE FRENCH CAP'N WHO HAD STOLE ME IN GIJON.
ON THAT DAY IN 1752, VESTMENT, THE KIDNAPPED SWABBIE, BECAME CAPTAIN RED...
...SLAVE NOR FRIEND TO NO MAN!
FOR TWO YEARS, I RANSACKED THE NORTHERN SEA, BEHOLDEN TO NO FLAG BUT ME OWN, GIVING THE GRINDERS TO FRENCH, SPANISH, AND BRITISH SHIP ALIKE.
I'D WON A FAIR AMOUNT OF BOOTY, ME PRETTIES-- YES I HAD.
AND WHAT BOOTY YE TAKE$, THAT BOOTY MUST YE ALSO HIDE.

TUROK, DINOSAUR HUNTER® Vol.1 No.13, August, 1994. Published by VALIANT®, a division of Voyager Communications Inc., Steven J. Massarsky, Secretary. Office of Publication: 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10001. ©1994 Voyager Communications Inc. Turok is a registered trademark of Western Publishing Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof which originally appeared in publications originally published by Western Publishing Company, Inc. are trademarks of Western Publishing Company, Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of Voyager Communications Inc. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any persons living or dead, or any institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA

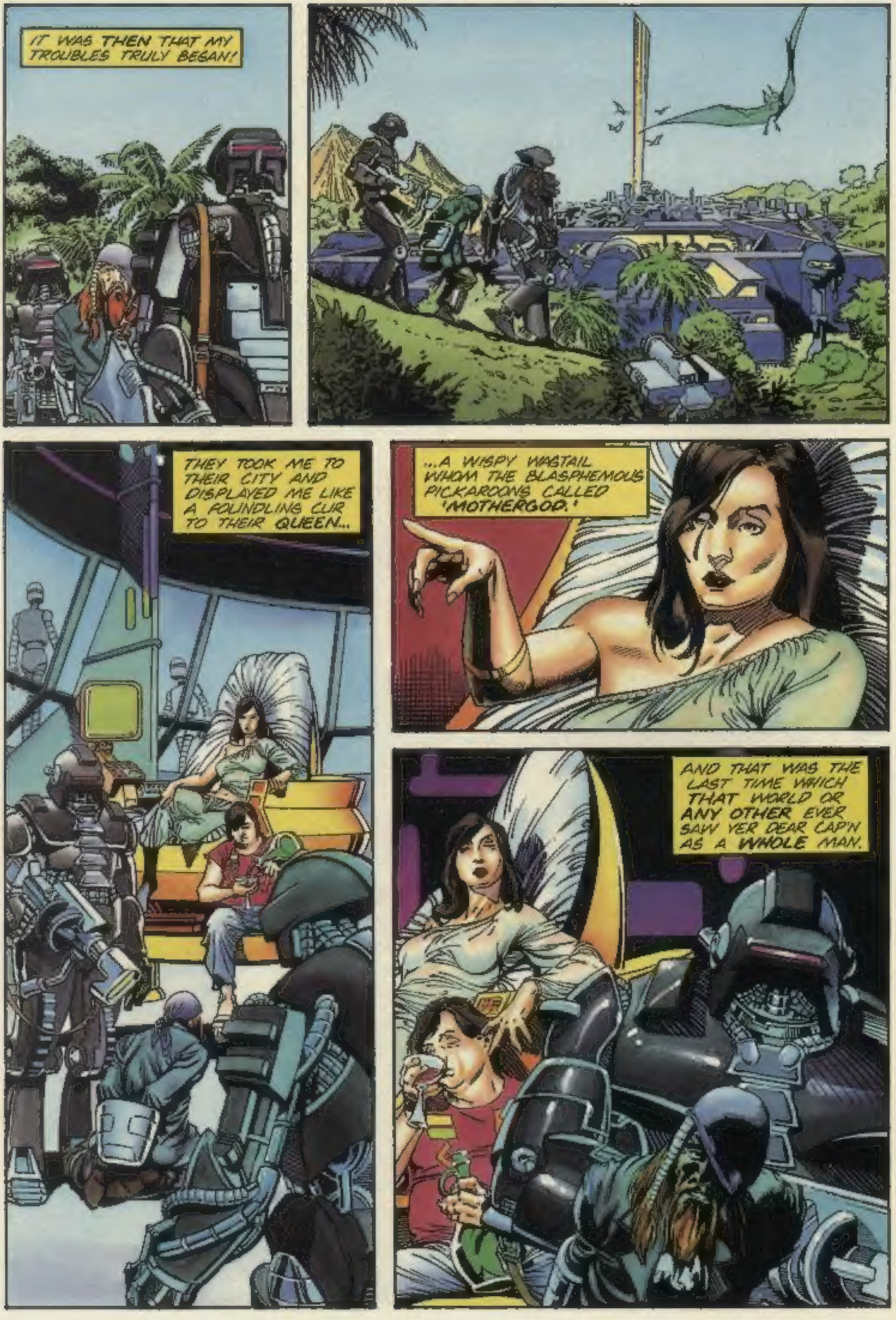
AYE--IT HAD BEEN A FRUITFUL VOYAGE, THIS LAST ONE.
WE STASHED OUR HAUL IN A CAVE IN THE AMERICAS, HIDDEN FROM PRYING EYES AND PASSING SHIPS.
WOULD THAT SWEET CAP'N RED HAD NEVER ENTERED THAT CAVE, ME BEAUTIES...
...FOR HAD I NOT, I WOULD NOT BE DANCIN' SUCH A BLOODY BALLUM-RANKUM TODAY!
IT WAS A MYSTERY, SURE THE WALL BEHIND ME GLOWED LIKE THE GILDED BEARD OF A SWEDISH CULL.
AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT A NATURAL "FOX FIRE," LIKE ONE SOMETIMES FINDS IN THE AMERICAS.
BUT 'TWER NOT PHOSPHOROUS THAT WAS A BURNIN', NO.
'TWER NOT PHOSPHOROUS AT ALL!

'TWER LIKE A DOORWAY, THAT FIRE--SUCKING ME IN LIKE A CORK IN A WHIRLPOOL!
AND THUS YER POOR DEAR CAP'N DEPARTED THE WORLD AND THEM THAT LOVED HIM MOST.

I TUMBLED DOWN--A SCREAMING PUPPET ADRIFT IN THE HOWLING WINDS OF PERDITION...

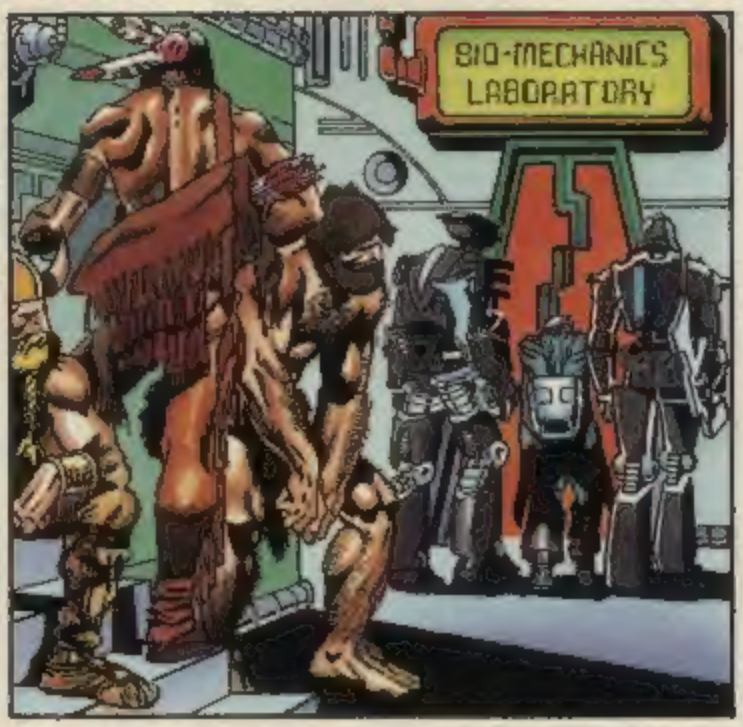
...UNTIL, FINALLY, I WAS CAST UP ON THE SHORES OF A LUSH GREEN HADES!

WEEP FOR YOUR LOVELY CAP'N RED, MATES...
...FOR IN HADES, I WAS ACCOSTED BY ALL MANNER OF BEHEMOTHS AND SERPENTS!
BUT ALAS...
..I SOON FOUND THAT I WAS NOT ALONE IN THAT FOUL PLACE!

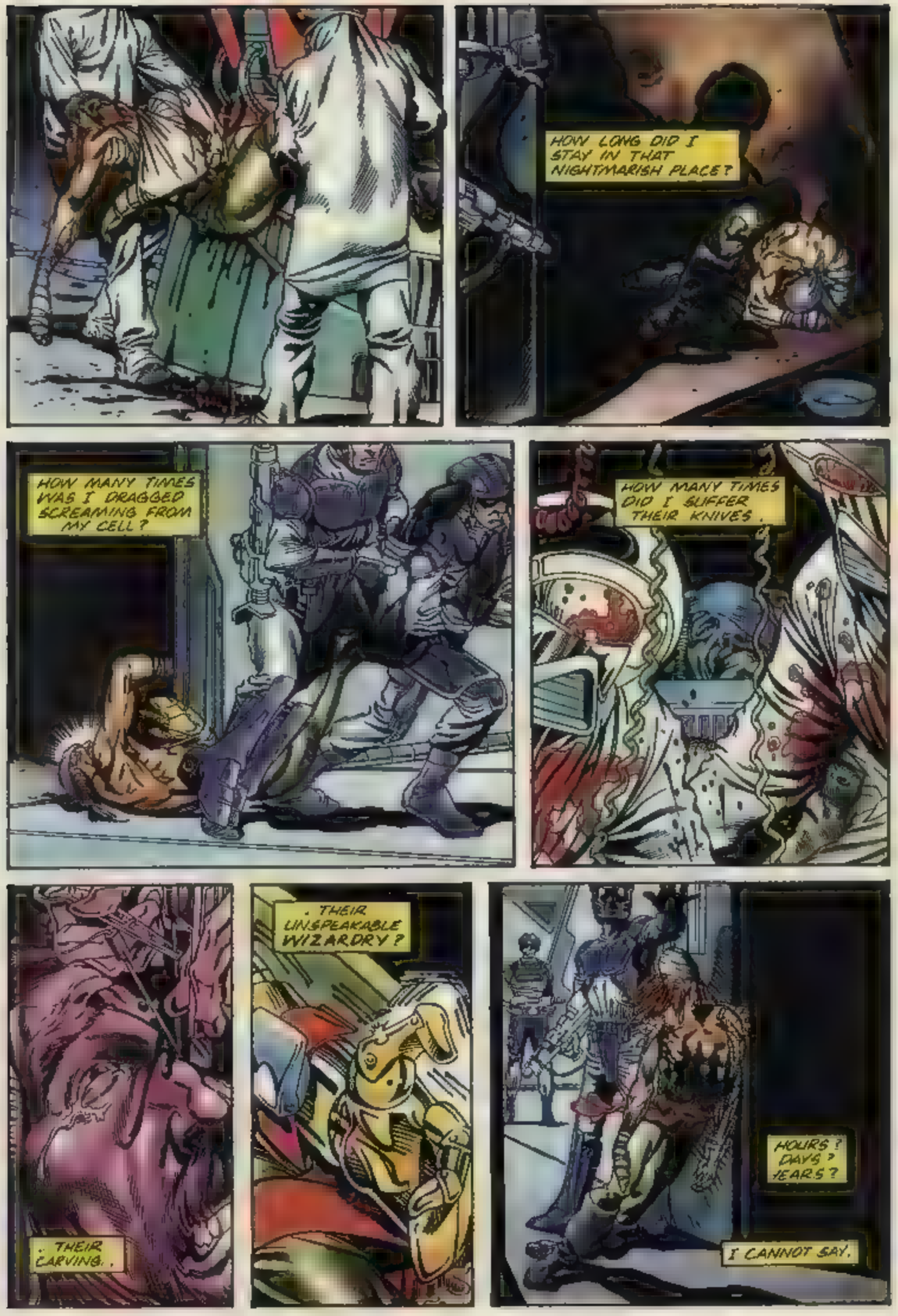

IT WAS THEN THAT MY TROUBLES TRULY BEGAN!
THEY TOOK ME TO THEIR CITY AND DISPLAYED ME LIKE A FOUNDLING CUR TO THEIR QUEEN...
..A WISPY WASTAIL WHOM THE BLASPHEMOUS PICKAROONS CALLED 'MOTHERGOD.'
AND THAT WAS THE LAST TIME WHICH THAT WORLD OR ANY OTHER EVER SAW YER DEAR CAP'N AS A WHOLE MAN.

MY CAPTORS DRAGGED ME DEEP INTO THE BOWELS OF THE WITCH'S METAL FORTRESS-CITY.

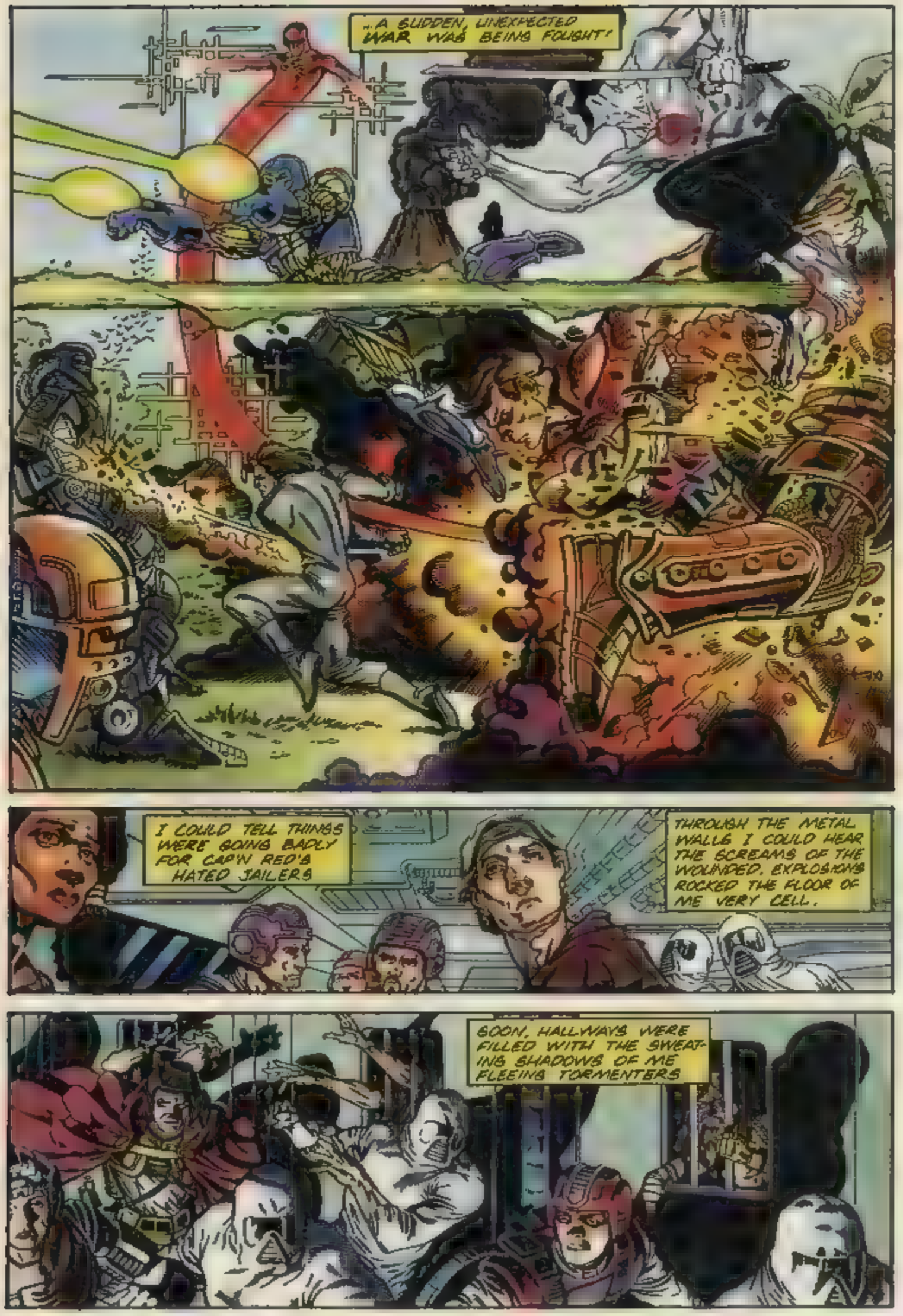
I COULD SEE I WAS NOT THE ONLY POOR FELLOW TO HAVE FALLEN INTO THE CLUTCHES OF THESE DUFFERS AND THEIR MISTRESS.


BIO-MECHANICS LABORATORY

I SHUDDER AT THE MEMORY OF THE HORRORS WHAT BEFELL ME NEXT, DEAR WATES.
IN THAT SATANIC KITCHEN..
...I WAS SERVED UP LIKE THE MAIN COURSE!


HOW LONG DID I STAY IN THAT NIGHTMARISH PLACE?
HOW MANY TIMES WAS I DRAGGED SCREAMING FROM MY CELL?
HOW MANY TIMES DID I SUFFER THEIR KNIVES.
. THEIR CARVING. .
. THEIR UNSPEAKABLE WIZARDRY?
HOURS? DAYS? YEARS?
I CANNOT SAY.

ALL I KNOW FOR CERTAIN.
..IS THAT THEY CHANGED ME!
LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT THINGS WOULD SOON CHANGE FOR ME CAPTORS AS WELL!
FOR OUTSIDE THE VERY WALLS THAT HELD ME PRISONER ..


...A SUDDEN, UNEXPECTED WAR WAS BEING FOUGHT!
I COULD TELL THINGS WERE GOING BADLY FOR CAP'N RED'S HATED JAILERS
THROUGH THE METAL WALLS I COULD HEAR THE SCREAMS OF THE WOUNDED. EXPLOSIONS ROCKED THE FLOOR OF ME VERY CELL.
SOON, HALLWAYS WERE FILLED WITH THE SWEATING SHADOWS OF ME FLEEING TORMENTERS

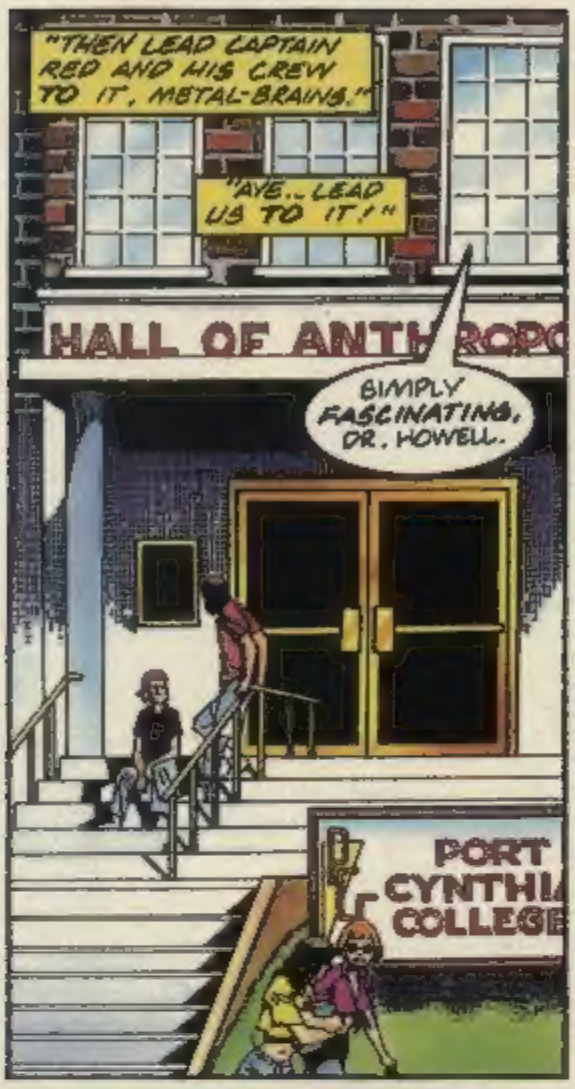
AT LAST, PROVIDENCE HAD TAKEN PITY UPON ME WRETCHED, WICKED SOUL.
IT WAS THE CHANCE I'D BEEN WAITING FOR!
CAPTAIN RED WAS FREE...
...AND THE DEVIL HELP HIS ENEMIES!

I HAD BEEN THROUGH THE TORTURES OF HADES AT THE HANDS OF ME SORCEROUS WARDENS
BIO-HAZARD AREA
I HAD BEEN TRANS-FORMED BEYOND ME WILDEST DRUNKEN DREAMS
EVEN SO, I WAS SCARCE PREPARED FOR THE NEXT SIGHT WHICH I BEHELD!
NO MATTER MY CAPTORS' FIENDISH SKILLS, I RECKON EVEN THEY MADE THEIR LITTLE MISTAKES..
..AND THEY KEPT THEM ALL TOGETHER IN ONE WEE ROOM!
I WON'T FOOL YE, MATIES... ME HORROR WAS GREAT.
BUT.. HEAVEN HELP ME.. I COULDN'T LEAVE.
FOR THERE WAS TWO AMONG THE SERPENTINE WRETCHES WHO SEEMED SOMEHOW DIFFERENT FROM THE REST.
FREE·USSSS,· FELLOW· SSSUFFERER! YOU·HAVE·A·KEY!
YESSSS. FREE· USSSS... AND WE'LL· BE· YOUR· SSSERVANTS·FOREVER!

CONSIDERIN' THE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT WAS AS GOOD A BUSINESS PROPOSITION AS I'D EVER HEARD
YOU!! TIN HEAD! LEAD US OUT OF HERE, OR I'LL BLOW YE TO BLAZES!
NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE, SIR. I AM OU-8-2, AND I AM PROGRAMMED TO SERVE ALL MY HUMAN MASTERS.
FOLLOW ME, PLEASE
LIKE I SEZ, MY SHIPMATES, THINGS DO HAVE A WAY OF TURNING ALL TOPSY.
WHEN LAST I'D SEEN THAT SAVAGE, HE'D BEEN IN THE MOTHER-WITCH'S EMPLOY.
NOW HE WAS LEADIN' ALL HANDS AGAINST HER.

JUST MY KIND OF SCUM, I RECKON...
...NOT THAT I FELT INCLINED TO HELP HIM ANY, MIND YE.
AVAST, YE SCALY WIGHTS! LET'S BE OUT OF THIS SORRY HOLE!
THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENED.
I FELT THOSE INFERNAL, RAGING WINDS AGAIN-- LIKE THOSE WHICH HAD BRUNG ME TO THAT CURSED LAND
ONLY THIS TIME THEY WERE DIFFERENT.
THIS TIME...
...I WAS BEING CARRIED AWAY.
AFTER THAT, ME LADDIES, YE KNOW AS MUCH AS ME.

AND THAT'SS HOW WE GOT HERE, CAPTAIN RED?
AYE, PROTO...
...THAT'S HOW YE GOT HERE.
WELCOME TO CAPE CYNTHIA
WE BEEN DRYDOCKED FOR WEEKS NOW, SNEAKIN' ABOUT AND LAYIN' LOW... LEARNIN' ALL WE CAN ABOUT THIS NEW PORT WHERE WE WAS TOSSED.
THE METAL MAN IS CERTAIN NOW: WE BE IN ME OWN SWEET WORLD ALL RIGHT...
BUT NOT IN ME OWN SWEET TIME!
SO WHAT CAN WE DO MASSSTER?
WHY, WE DO WHAT PIRATES DOES, MISFIRE, ME BOY--WE WE GO AFTER ME OLD TREASURE!
AND TIN-HEAD HERE HAS A NOTION JUST HOW WE CAN FIND IT! RIGHT, BUCKO?
I AM PROGRAMMED TO SERVE YOU WITH DEDICATION AND EFFICIENCY, MASTER.
ACCORDING TO MY DATA FILES THE ANCIENT CARTOGRAPHIC INFORMATION WHICH WILL ASSIST YOU IN YOUR SEARCH IS LOCATED NEARBY.


"THEN LEAD CAPTAIN RED AND HIS CREW TO IT, METAL-BRAINS."
"AYE.. LEAD US TO IT!"
HALL OF ANTH
SIMPLY FASCINATING, DR. HOWELL.
PORT CYNTHI COLLEGE

...ACCORDING TO THE PHYSIO-SCANNER, MR. TUROK'S BODY IS VIRTUALLY FREE OF THE TRACE CARCINOGENS FOUND IN MOST AMERICANS.

HIS PROTEIN QUOTIENTS ARE A LITTLE HIGH--THE RESULT OF A RED-MEAT DIET, I'M SURE.
HOWEVER, HIS CHOLESTEROL AND FAT LEVELS ARE AMAZINGLY LOW.. AND HIS CIRCULATION IS NOTHING SHORT OF OLYMPIAN!

WELL, I GUESS THOSE PINON PINE NUTS HE SNACKS ON KEEP HIS BLOOD VESSELS REAMED OUT PRETTY GOOD
WHAT? OH, NO. FRUITS AND NUTS ARE BENEFICIAL TO GOOD CIRCULATION, BUT I'M NOT SURE THAT--

JUST A BAD JOKE, DOC. PINON NUTS AND SUET ARE A DELICACY WITH THE OLD KIOWA-APACHES.
SUET?
YEAH, YOU KNOW... PROCESSED FAT. THEY MIX IT WITH THE NUTS. THINK OF IT AS KIOWA "TRAIL MIX."
INCREDIBLE.

I'M HUNGRY, REGAN.
THEN LET'S PICK UP ANDY AT THE LIBRARY AND GO GRAB A BITE.
THANKS AGAIN FOR HELPING US TO SET UP THESE TESTS, DOC STEINMAN.
ERR... NO PROBLEM. UH... TOWELL, MR. TUROK?
IT'S BEEN AN HONOR, DR. HOWELL--ESPECIALLY SINCE THE TESTS PROVE EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOLD US!
A LIVING, BREATHING NATIVE AMERICAN FROM A CENTURY AGO! AMAZING!
YES. BUT REMEMBER: TUROK'S NOT A LAB RAT! THESE TESTS ARE FOR GOVERNMENT FILES ONLY!
TUROK WON'T BE A SIDESHOW FREAK! ONLY YOU AND THE DEAN KNOW ABOUT THIS! NO ONE ELSE...
...NOT YOUR STAFF, YOUR WIFE, THE JANITOR...
...AND ESPECIALLY NOT ANY REPORTERS!
HEY-- GRRKKK!

From an idea by RAGS MORALES

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